

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

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NO. 10.

THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.

Heart of Mid-Lothian, chap. xxiii.

The scene which is represented in the accompanying plate, is of the most affecting character, and has been considered one of the happiest efforts of the magic pen of the author of Waverley.

EFFIE DEANS is indicted for concealing the birth of her natural child; a crime which, by the sanguinary laws then in force in Scotland, was punishable with death. The picture represents that part of the trial in which her sister Jeanie is called by the master of the court, to bear testimony. When the prisoner at the bar heard the name of Jeanie, she "instantly started up, and stretched herself half way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered, from that of confused shame and dismay, to an eager, deploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her, 'Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie! save me, save me!'"

"With a different feeling, yet equally appropriated to his proud and self-dependent character, old Deans drew himself back still farther under the cover of the bench, so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court, cast a timid glance towards the place where she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sat down on the other side of Dumbiedikes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, 'Ah, Laird! this is the worst of a'—if I can but win over this part—I feel my head unco' dizzzy; but my master is strong in his servant's weakness.' After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

"Jeanie, in the meantime, had advanced to the bottom of the table, when unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it with tears, with the fond devotion that a catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety, while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly."

Jeanie was the principal witness by whom the fact of her sister's having made her situation known, was to be proved. The solemn oath—"the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God, at the great day of judgment"—was taken; and the whole court, with a vast crowd of spectators, and the father of the prisoner, listened with breathless expectation to hear the evidence. She testified that Effie "never breathed word to me about it." All hope now failed—the crime was considered proven—and the jury returned a verdict of GUILTY, but strongly recommended her to mercy.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LOVE.—A SONG.

Oh, what is love? A magic light,
That falls upon the human heart,
Like moon-beams on the breast of night,
But not like moon-beams to depart.
Oh, what is love? A cankering care,
When 'tis in expectation cross'd—
The gloomy night-fall of despair—
Life's choicest pleasure wreck'd and lost.
Oh, what is love? Oh, what is love?
When loving hearts together join,
A bliss, much like the bliss above—
A union, sacred and divine.

ORLA.

SELECT TALES.

The following interesting Tale was translated for the New York American of last week, from which paper we transfer it to our own. It is new entirely, and is, in our own opinion, one of the most deeply interesting narratives we have seen for many months. Its extreme length will not, we are sure, dissatisfy any one who will read it. Those who hate long stories are requested to read only the first column—we'll answer for their getting through the rest.

MATEO FALCONE.—A STORY OF CORSICA.

In leaving Porto Vecchio and going into the country, the ground rises rapidly, and after a slow and difficult progress, through crooked paths, obstructed by great fragments of rock, and intersected by ravines, you arrive in about three hours upon the border of an extensive *maquis* or copse. This is the home of the Corsican shepherds and of outlaws. The Corsican peasant, in order to save the expense of manure, sets fire to the woods—taking his chance, and indifferent too, of its extending; he is certain, at any rate, of a good harvest upon the soil thus enriched by the ashes of the trees that grew on it. The grain gathered, the wood springs up thick and matted from the roots left in the ground, and this entangled copse wood it is which in a few years grows to the height of seven or eight feet, that is called *maquis*; and it is only with an axe in hand that it is possible to make way through this wilderness; and sometimes it is so dense that the wild goats themselves cannot penetrate it. If you have killed a man, fly to the *maquis* of Porto Vecchio, and with a good gun, powder and ball, you may live there in safety, not forgetting a brown cloak with a hood, to serve both for covering and mattress. The shepherds will sell you milk and cheese, and you need fear nothing from the pursuits of justice, or the relations of the deceased, unless it be when you are obliged to go down into the town to renew your store of ammunition.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica in 18—, lived in a house within a half league of this *maquis*. He was a man, for that country, rich; and living nobly—that is to say, without doing anything—from the produce of his flocks, which his nomadic shepherds led from mountain to mountain. When I saw him, about two years after the occurrence I am going to relate, he appeared about fifty years old at the utmost. Picture to yourself a small but robust man, with thick curling hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large and quick eyes, and a complexion of the color of your boot-tops. His expertness as a shot was deemed extraordinary, even in that country of good shots; for instance Mateo, if he fired even at 120 paces at a goat, would at pleasure strike it in the head or behind the shoulder. In the night equally well as in the day could he shoot; and this circumstance, a little incredible to whosoever has not travelled in Corsica, was related to me of him: at eighty paces a lighted candle was placed behind a transparent piece of paper as big as a plate; he took aim, the candle extinguished, and yet in the most complete darkness, he would, three times out of four, hit the paper. With such surpassing merit, Mateo Falcone had not failed to acquire a great reputation. He was

reputed a good friend and a dangerous enemy; in other respects kind and charitable; he lived in peace with all in the district of Porto Vecchio. It was whispered of him, however, that at Corto, where he married his wife, he had got rid, very unceremoniously, of a rival who was not less formidable in love than in war; at least to Mateo was ascribed a certain musket shot, which dispatched that rival, as he was quietly shaving himself before a small glass hanging up at his window. This affair having blown over, Mateo married. His wife, Guiseppa, brought him at first three daughters—at which he was furious—and finally a son, whom he named Fortunato; he was the hope of the family, the inheritor of the name. The daughters were well married; the father could rely, in case of need, upon the poignards and the blunderbusses of his sons-in-law: the son was only ten years old, but he already evinced the most promising dispositions. A certain day in Autumn, Mateo went off early with his wife to visit one of his flocks in a cleared spot of the *maquis*; little Fortunato wished to go too, but the place was too far; besides, somebody must remain to take care of the house. His father, therefore, refused to take him: we shall see if he had not reason to regret his refusal. He had already been gone several hours, and little Fortunato was tranquilly stretched on the grass, looking at the blue mountains, and thinking that next Sunday he would go to town to dine with his uncle, the *Caporale*, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the report of a gun. He sprang up, and looked towards the plain whence the alarm came; other shots were heard at unequal intervals, and gradually nearing his position, till, in the path leading from the plain to the house of Mateo, a man suddenly appeared, wearing a pointed cap like that of the mountain inhabitants, with a long beard, covered with rags, and dragging himself slowly along with the support of his gun. He had just received a shot in the thigh. This was an outlaw, who having left his hiding place at night to go down to the town to buy powder, had fallen by the way into an ambuscade of *voltigeurs*. After a vigorous defence, he had succeeded in making his escape, closely pursued, and keeping up a running fire from rock to rock. But he had gained only a little on the soldiers, and his wound now rendered it impossible for him to reach the *maquis* before he would be overtaken. He approached Fortunato, and said to him, 'You are the son of Mateo Falcone.' 'Yes.' 'I am Gianetto Sampiero. I am pursued by the yellow collars, (the uniform was a brown coat with a yellow collar) conceal me, for I can go no farther.' 'And what will my father say if I conceal you without his permission?' 'He will say you did well.' 'Who knows?' 'Quick, conceal me, they are at hand.' 'Wait till my father returns.' 'I wait—curse upon it, they will be here in five minutes. Quick, conceal me, or I'll kill you.' Fortunato answered with the greatest coolness, 'Your gun is discharged, and there are no more cartridges in your bag.' 'But I have my stiletto.' 'And can you run as fast as I can?' and the boy made a spring that placed him out of reach. 'You are not the

son of Mateo Falcone; would you see me arrested in front of your house?' The boy appeared touched. 'What would you give me,' said he, in approaching him, 'if I conceal you?' The outlaw searched a leathern pouch that hung from his belt, and drew from it a five franc piece, destined doubtless to the purchase of powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of money, grasped it, and said—fear nothing. Forthwith, he made an opening in a large cock of hay standing near the house; Gianetto bundled himself in it, and the boy covered him up so completely, still leaving him breathing room, that no one could have supposed a man was concealed there. He lit, moreover, upon an expedient full of ingenuity. He ran for a cat with her little ones, and placed them on the hay, so as to produce the impression that it had not, for a long time, been moved or disturbed. Remarking then some spots of blood upon the path, he carefully sprinkled them over with dust, and that done, threw himself again on the grass with the greatest tranquillity.

Some minutes afterwards, six men in uniform, with an adjutant, were before the door of Mateo. This adjutant was in some sort related to Mateo. In Corsica, as is well known, degrees of relationship are traced much further than elsewhere. His name was Theodore Gamba, an active man, and much dreaded by the outlaws, of whom he had tracked several. 'Good day, little cousin,' said he, approaching Fortunato; 'why how you are grown! Did you see a man pass here just now?' 'Oh! I am not yet as big as you, my cousin,' replied the boy with a sheepish air, all in good time. 'Did you not see a man pass, I ask?' 'Whether I saw a man pass?' 'Yes—a man in a pointed cap, and with a jacket trimmed with red and yellow.' 'A man in a pointed cap, and with a jacket trimmed with red and yellow?' 'Yes; answer me quickly, and don't repeat my questions.' 'This morning his Reverence the Curate passed our door on his horse Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I answered—' 'Ah! little vagabond, you are misleading me. Quick, which way did Gianetto pass, for it is he we are seeking, and I am sure he took this path?' 'Who knows? who knows?' 'I know that you saw him.' 'Can people see when they are asleep?' 'You were not sleeping, scapegrace as thou art, for the guns must have aroused you.' 'You think then, my cousin, that your guns make so loud a report? My father's blunderbuss makes a much louder.' 'The devil take thee, thou worthless little scamp. I am sure you have seen Gianetto. Perhaps even you have hidden him away. Comrades, search the house, and see if Gianetto is not there. He could only go on one leg, and the rascal has too much sense to think of gaining the *maquis* by hopping; besides, the traces of blood disappear here.' 'And what will papa say,' said Fortunato in a complaining tone; 'what will he say when he hears that people have gone into his house during his absence?' 'Scapegrace,' said the adjutant, in taking him by the ear, 'dost thou not know how soon I could make thee change thy tune? Perhaps some twenty blows with the flat of my sabre would make thee speak.' But Fortunato

still grumbled. 'My father is Mateo Falcone,' said the boy with marked emphasis. 'Know,' replied the adjutant, 'that I can carry thee off to Corte or to Basta; put thee in a dungeon to sleep on straw, with irons round thy legs, and then have thee guillotined, if thou dost not tell where Gianetto Sampiero is.' At this ridiculous menace the child burst into laughter, and repeated—'My father is Mateo Falcone!' 'Adjutant,' whispered one of the voltigeurs, 'do not let us quarrel with Mateo.' Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in an under tone with his soldiers who had searched the house—no long process, for the cabin of a Corsican consists of a single room, of which the whole furniture is a table that also serves for bed, benches, chests, and what is requisite for house-keeping and the chase. During this time the little Fortunato was playing with the cat, and seemed to enjoy the embarrassment of the voltigeurs and his cousin. A soldier went up to the hay cock, saw the cat, and carelessly plunged his bayonet into the hay, with a shrug of the shoulders, that indicated how useless he thought such a precaution. Nothing stirred, and the face of the child betrayed not the slightest emotion. The adjutant and his troop wished themselves at the devil, and already began to look down upon the plain, as if preparing to abandon a fruitless pursuit, when their commander, aware that menaces would effect nothing with the son of Falcone, determined, as a last effort, to try the power of coaxing and presents. 'Cousin,' said he, 'you appear a very smart little fellow, and will succeed—but you are putting a very naughty trick upon me, and if I were not unwilling to give pain to cousin Mateo, may I be hanged if I would not carry you off with me.' 'Bah!' 'Tho' when my cousin returns, I will relate the whole thing to him, and, as a reward for having told me a falsehood, he'll whip you till the blood runs.' 'Doubtful.' 'You'll see—but come, be a good boy, and I will give you something.' 'And I, my cousin; I will give you some advice; which is, that if you delay much longer, Gianetto will have reached the maquis, and then it will take more than one such as you to bring him out of it again.' The adjutant drew from his pocket a silver watch, worth full six crowns, and observing that the eyes of little Fortunato sparkled at the sight, he said to him, holding out the watch dangling at the end of its steel chain—'Little rogue, how thou wouldst like to have a watch like this round thy neck, and walk the streets of Porto Vecchio, proud as a peacock: then when people would ask you what o'clock it is, you would answer—Look at my watch.' 'When I am bigger, my uncle, the Caporale, will give me such a watch.' 'Yes, but the son of your uncle has one already—not, to be sure, as handsome as this; and he is younger than you.' The boy sighed. 'Well, my little cousin, will you have this one?' Fortunato, glancing from the corners of his eyes at the watch, was like a cat to which a whole chicken is offered. Perceiving that it is in mockery, the animal does not stretch out its paw, and from time to time turns away, that it may not yield to the temptation; but still licking its lips, almost seems to say to its master, 'how cruel is your sport.' Yet the adjutant Gamba looked as if he was in earnest in presenting the watch. Fortunato did not, however, put forth his hand, but said to him with a bitter smile, 'Why do you mock me thus?' 'By Heaven, I am not mocking you; only tell me where Gianetto is, and the watch is yours.' Fortunato smiled incredulously, and fixing his black eyes upon the adjutant, endeavored to read in his face what faith he should repose in his promise. 'May I loose my epaulette,' said the adjutant, 'if I do not give you the watch on that condition. My fellow sol-

diers are witnesses, and I will not draw back.' In speaking this, he held the watch nearer and nearer, until it all but touched the pale cheek of the child, whose face shewed the contest that was going on in his breast, between his desire for the bauble and his sense of what was due to the rights of hospitality. His naked breast heaved with emotion, and he almost choked. Still the watch was there ticking, turning about, and at times knocking against his nose. Finally, his right hand was slowly raised—the tip of his fingers touched the watch—soon the whole weight of it rested in his hand, without the adjutant's letting go the chain however. The face was enamelled, the case newly burnished—in the sun it looked all fire—the temptation was irresistible. Fortunato raised his left hand and pointed with his thumb, over his shoulder, to the hay cock, which was behind him. The adjutant caught the signal instantly, let go the chain, and Fortunato was sole possessor of the watch. He sprang from the ground with the agility of a roebuck, and was in a second ten paces from the hay cock, which the soldiers were already turning over—the hay was soon seen moving, and a man, covered with blood, and his poignard in his hand, crawled forth; but as he tried to get up, the stiffened wound prevented it, and he fell. The adjutant sprang upon him, and snatched his poignard away, and he was immediately, notwithstanding his resistance, strongly bound. Gianetto, lying on the ground, and tied up like a faggot, turned his face towards Fortunato, who was approaching, and, with more contempt than anger, said, 'Son of a —.' The child threw him back the money he had received from him, feeling that he had no right to retain it. The outlaw did not seem to notice the act; and seeing the adjutant, he said with the utmost coolness, 'My dear Gamba, I cannot walk: you will be obliged to carry me into town.' 'You could but now run swiftly as a wild goat,' was the cruel reply; 'but be at ease, I am so delighted at having you in my power, that I would willingly carry you a league on my own back.' 'But that is not needed, my fine fellow, for we will make a litter for you with some branches; and at the farm of Crespoli, we shall find horses.' 'Very good,' said the prisoner, 'and you'll put a little straw upon the litter, so that I may be the more at my ease.' While the voltigeurs were occupied, some in making a litter out of the branches of chesnut, and others in dressing the wounds of Gianetto, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly made their appearance at the extremity of the path leading to the maquis. The wife was coming on, bent double under the weight of a large sack of chesnuts, while her husband was taking his ease, having only a gun in one hand and another slung behind him, for it is unworthy of a man to bear any other burden than his arms. On seeing the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they were come to arrest him. But whence such an idea? Had Mateo any questions with Justice? No. He enjoyed a good character. He was, as it is said, a well-famed individual; but he was a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there is no Corsican mountaineer who, in taxing his memory a little scrupulously, will not recall some peccadillo, such as a man shot or dirked, or some such trifle. Mateo, more than most others, had a clear conscience; for, in ten years he had not pointed his gun against any man. He was, notwithstanding, prudent, and took means to make a good defence, if it should be found necessary. 'Wife,' said he to Guiseppa, 'put down your sack and be ready.' She obeyed instantly. He gave her the gun that was slung behind him, lest it should incommode him, cocked the one he held in his hand, and advanced

slowly towards the house, keeping close to the trees that grew along the side of the path, ready at the slightest hostile movement to throw himself behind the largest one, under cover of whose trunk he might fire in safety. His wife trod close upon his heels, holding his other gun and his game bag—the business of a good housewife, in case of a fight, being to load her husband's arms. On the other hand, the adjutant was exceedingly concerned at seeing Mateo advance thus with measured steps, his musket thrown forward, and his finger on the trigger. If by chance, thought the adjutant, Mateo should be related to Gianetto, or his friend, or should determine to defend him, the charges of his two muskets would reach two of us, as surely as a letter thro' the post office—if, notwithstanding our relationship, he should take a fancy to aim at me. In this perplexity the adjutant took a very bold step, that of advancing alone towards Mateo, in order to tell him the whole story, as to an old acquaintance: but the short distance which separated him from Mateo, appeared to him fearfully long. 'Holloa, my old comrade,' said he; 'how goes it, my brave boy?' It is I, Gamba, your cousin.' Mateo, without answering a word, had halted; and, as the other approached, gradually raised the muzzle of his piece, till, at the moment the adjutant came up to him, it pointed to the sky. 'Good morning, brother,' said the adjutant, holding out his hand; 'it is long since we met!' 'Good morning, brother.' 'I was coming to say how do you do in passing, to you and my cousin Pepa—we have had a long pull to-day, but must not complain of fatigue after the prize we have just taken—we have just caught Gianetto Sampiero.' 'Thank God!' exclaimed Guiseppa; 'for he stole a milch goat from us last week.' This exclamation delighted Gamba. 'Poor devil,' said Mateo, 'he was hungry.' 'The rogue defended himself like a lion,' said the adjutant in a tone of mortification; 'he killed one of my voltigeurs, and, moreover, broke Corporal Chardon's arm—that to be sure is no great harm, for he is only a Frenchman. Afterwards he succeeded so well in concealing himself, that the devil himself could not have found him. But for my little cousin Fortunato, I should have searched in vain.' 'Fortunato!' said Mateo. 'Fortunato!' repeated Guiseppa. 'Yes; Gianetto had hidden himself under that hay cock, but my little cousin discovered the trick to me—and I will certainly report it to his uncle, the Caporale, that he may send him a present; and both his name and yours will be in the report which I shall address to the Adjutant General.' 'Everlasting curses!' said Mateo, in an undertone. They had come up to the rest of the detachment. Gianetto was lying on the litter all ready for starting. When he saw Mateo with Gamba, he smiled with a strange smile, and turning towards his house, he spat upon the threshold, saying, 'house of a traitor!' None but a man bent upon dying, would have dared to pronounce the word 'traitor' in connection with the name of Falcone. One blow with his stiletto—no second one would have been necessary—would have instantly avenged the insult. Yet Mateo made no other motion than that of passing his hand over his forehead, as a man overwhelmed. Fortunato, when he saw his father coming, had gone into the house; he soon appeared again with a bowl of milk, which, with downcast eyes, he presented to Gianetto. 'Hence! away from me,' cried the outlaw in a voice of thunder; and then turning to one of the voltigeurs, said, 'Comrade, give me something to drink.' The soldier put his gourd in his hand, and the bandit drank the water thus given him by a man with whom he had just been exchanging

deadly shots. Afterwards he begged they would tie his hands across his breast, instead of behind his back. 'I like,' said he, 'to lie at my ease.' They quickly gratified him; when the adjutant gave order to march, bade adieu to Mateo, who answered not a word, and with rapid steps descended to the plain. More than ten minutes passed before Mateo opened his lips. The boy glanced with an anxious eye first at his mother, and then at his father, who, leaning on his gun, kept his eye fixed on him with an expression of the most intense anger. 'Thou beginnest well,' at last said Mateo, with a voice, calm indeed, but most fearful for all who knew the man. 'Father!' screamed the child, springing forward with tears in his eyes to throw himself at his feet, when Mateo exclaimed, 'Away from me!' and the child stopped motionless, and sobbed convulsively. Guiseppa came up; she had just caught sight of the watch chain, of which one end was dangling from Fortunato's bosom. 'Who gave you this watch?' asked she in a severe tone. 'My cousin, the Adjutant,' Falcone snatched the watch from him, and dashing it upon a stone, broke it into a thousand pieces. 'Wife,' said he, 'can that be a child of mine?' The brown cheek of Guiseppa became fiery red. 'What sayest thou, Mateo? and dost thou remember to whom thou art talking?' 'Well, this is the first of his race that was ever guilty of treachery.' The sobs of Fortunato redoubled, and Falcone still kept his lynx eyes steadily fixed upon him. Finally, striking the ground with the butt of his gun, he then threw it upon his shoulder, and returned along the road to the maquis, bidding Fortunato follow him; the child obeyed. Guiseppa ran after Mateo, and taking him by the arm, 'It is your son,' said she, with a trembling voice, and fixing her large black eyes upon those of her husband, as if to read his inmost soul. 'Leave me,' replied Mateo, 'I am his father.' Guiseppa kissed her son, and went weeping into her dwelling, and there, throwing herself on her knees before the image of the Virgin, prayed with fervor. Meantime, Falcone walked on, about two hundred paces in the path: he stopped at a little ravine, into which he descended. He tried the ground with the butt of his gun, and found it soft and easy to dig. The spot seemed suitable for his purpose. 'Fortunato, go to that big stone.' The child did as he was told, and knelt down. 'Say your prayers.' 'Oh, father, father, do not kill me!' 'Say your prayers,' replied Mateo in a terrible voice. The child, hesitating and sobbing, said the lord's prayer and the creed. The father, at the end of each prayer, said *amen* with a loud voice. 'Are these all the prayers you know?' 'Father, I know the *Ave Maria*, and the litany, which my aunt taught me.' 'That is long, but never mind.' The child, in a voice scarcely articulate, finished the litany. 'Have you finished?' 'Oh! father, mercy; forgive me; I will never do so more; and I will importune my uncle, the caporale, until Gianetto is pardoned.' He was still speaking when Mateo cocked his gun, took aim, and said 'May God forgive you.' The child made a desperate effort to rise and embrace his father's knees. It was too late! Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell dead at his feet. Without a single look at the body, Mateo resumed the road to his house, in order to get a spade and bury his son. He had only gone a few steps when he was met by Guiseppa, running towards him, alarmed by the report of the musket. 'What have you done?' 'Justice.' 'Where is he?' 'In the Ravine—I am going to bury him. He died like a Christian, and I will have masses said for him. Let my son-in-law, Feodoro Brianchi, be told to come and live with us.'

MISCELLANY.

A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XVI, having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride, (several of them having been thrown, and one killed,) asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day, was conducted thither. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately startled and fell back; his ears were erect, his main was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking its adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favorable opportunity to seize his prey; during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with the hoof on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in the most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the spot where he was kept.

It is well known that the late Countess of Derby had, in early life, her lot cast upon that ground of thorns, as well as roses, which compels even the softer sex to stem its "sea of troubles" with exertions otherwise foreign to their timid nature. The lady referred to was one of those "lovely young Lavinias," who, though born of "gentle blood," had to turn reaper in the field—the field of taste, indeed—to provide a home of comfort for her widowed parent. While gathering in her meed of harvest, the noble earl she afterwards married, like another Palemon, saw, admired, respected, loved, and finally placed his coronet on her brow. There is a little anecdote told of her soon after her nuptials, which charmingly portrays the native dignity, as well as the ingenuous modesty of her mind. It is said that she went to Miss I—, a celebrated milliner whom she had employed during her profession of the stage, to order a dress for her bridal presentation at Court. After explaining the fashion she wished, Miss I— proposed showing the intended ornaments in proper display; and, for this purpose, hurrying to a side-door in the apartment, that opened to some stairs, she called up to her workwomen, "Bring me down Lady Teazle's hoop." The words were no sooner uttered, than the speaker

stood abashed, trying to apologize in much confusion, to the new Countess, who most amiably answered, smiling, "Never mind, Miss I—, if it had not been worn by Lady Teazle first, very likely it would never have been wanted by Lady Derby."

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH II.—In one of those excursions which Joseph II. frequently took *incog*, he proceeded to Trieste. On his arrival he went into an inn, and asked if he could be accommodated with a good room: he was told that a German bishop had just engaged the last, and that there were only two small rooms, without chimneys, unoccupied. He desired a supper to be prepared. He was told that there was nothing left but eggs and vegetables, the bishop and his suite having bespoke all the poultry. The emperor requested the bishop might be asked if he would allow a stranger to sup with him. The bishop refused, and the emperor supped with one of the bishop's almoners, who was not admitted to his master's table. He asked the almoner, what he was going to do at Rome? "My lord (he replied) is going to solicit a benefice of 50,000 livres, before the emperor is informed of its being vacant." They changed the conversation. The emperor wrote a letter to his Chancellor at Rome, and another to his Ambassador. He made the almoner promise to deliver both letters agreeable to their address, on his arrival at Rome. He kept his promise, and the Chancellor presented the patent for the benefice to the astonished almoner.

KING MURAT A WAITER.—Just before the breaking out of the French revolution, two English gentlemen, resident in Paris, were in the daily habit of frequenting the restaurateur kept by Beauvillier; they were always attended by a waiter remarkable for his civility and attention to his guests. Our countrymen were accustomed to carouse with uproarious mirth the whole night, and indeed frequently to a late hour in the morning. This practice breaking in upon the quiet habits of the waiter, at length exhausted his patience, and he intimated to Beauvillier that he should quit his service if the Englishmen were permitted to continue their nightly inroads upon his rest. The waiter left his service. After the peace, the two Englishmen again visited Paris, and entering their old place of resort, were instantly recognized and welcomed by Beauvillier, who called to their recollection the hasty and angry departure of the waiter, adding that "Messieurs, by their mirth, had spoiled an excellent waiter, and created a very indifferent king." The indignant waiter was Murat, afterwards king of Naples.

SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.—We were lately visiting in a house where a very singular portrait attracted our observation; it was that of a young lady represented with a partridge perched upon her shoulder, and a dog with his feet upon her arm. We recognised it as a representation of the lady of the house, but were at a loss to account for the odd association of her companions. She observed our surprise, and at once gave the history of the bird and the spaniel. They were both some years back domesticated in her family. The dog was an old parlor favorite, who went by the name of Tom. The partridge was more recently introduced from France, and answered to the equally familiar name of Bill. It was rather a dangerous experiment to place them together, for Tom was a lively and spirited creature, very apt to torment the cats, and to bark at any object which roused his instinct. But the experiment was tried; and Bill, being very tame, did not feel much alarm at his natural enemy. They were, of course, shy at first, but this shyness gradually wore off; the bird became less timid, and the

dog less bold. The most perfect friendship was at length established between them. When the hour of dinner arrived, the partridge invariably flew to his mistress's shoulder, calling with that shrill note which is so well known to sportsmen; and the spaniel leapt about with equal ardor. One dish of bread and milk was placed on the floor, out of which the spaniel and the bird fed together, and after their social meal, the dog would retire to a corner to sleep, while the partridge would nestle between his legs, and never stir till his favorite awoke. Whenever the dog accompanied his mistress out, the bird displayed the utmost disquietude till his return; and once, when the partridge was shut up by accident during the whole day, the dog searched about the house with a mournful cry, which indicated the strength of his affection. The friendship of Tom and Bill was at length finally terminated. The beautiful little dog was stolen; and the bird from that time refused all food, and died on the seventh day, a victim to his grief.—*The Menageries.*

It is not generally known that Lady Lyndhurst never wears a pair of shoes a second time. Fine doings this, for Melmoth! One has heard of "new silk and old sack," as luxuries in their way; but it is reserved for our day, to discover that there is comfort in a new shoe.

LITERARY.

From the National Gazette.

A book has just issued from the London press, entitled "Three Years in Canada, being an account of the actual state of the country in 1826, '27, and '28, &c. by John Macdaggart, civil engineer in the service of the British Government." It was announced in the London journals, with warm recommendations on account of the intelligence, information, and patriotic spirit of the author. We have not happened to encounter a more uninteresting and contemptible farrago of vulgar nonsense, than the contents of his two volumes. One of the main objects of this master of rildry is the defamation of the Republican Americans. "Jonathan" is his favorite butt and his mortal antipathy. He has introduced, in chapters, "Letters and Remarks respecting the Americans—Dialogues between John Bull and Jonathan—Prophecies and Dialogues of Jonathan"—besides incidental comparisons, and gibes, and passing, bitter sarcasms. "Let us," he begins by observing, "let us not slacken our exertions; let our attention be frequently turned to the Americans; let us believe more about them than we have done, as our travellers tell the truth. They certainly have acquired singular manners and customs in a short time, comparatively speaking, and make use of expressions that are perfectly destitute of wit and humor, but grafted on the roots of blasphemy and blackguardism; and this language gains ground. The genuine English is vanishing from the land. One of their members of Congress, a long time ago, proposed an act for doing away with it, which was then laughed at, but now it is going into effect, without being passed or enforced—a voluntary act of the people. In the course of a century, the English will not understand the twentieth part that will be spoken in the United States. Few of the British books are now read; and fewer will be, unless our writers condescend to please them by vile compositions in slang diction."—The Civil Engineer has certainly placed before them a signal example of this species of composition; and we shall proceed to illustrate, by a few additional specimens, the credit which he reflects by his book upon the service of the British Government.

"Nothing like solid learning is known among the Americans. The arts and sciences are skimmed. Men of common sense and shrewdness arise among them occasionally. Any thing that smacks of delicacy of taste, refinement of feeling, &c. is utterly despised. Whatever deals in generalisms, whatever seems sanctified grossness, is sure to go well down. All threats, invitations, advices, orders, are whistled at: Jonathan cries—'Hey, Jem, cock-tail won't hurt; damn all, let's have a phogmatic!'"

"On coming to one of their taverns, it is in vain to ask for any thing to eat or drink; if you get any answer at all, (but most likely you will get none,) it will be quite evasive and inconclusive. Look *spry*, as they say, and walk through the bar and pantry as if at home; and if you can find any thing to eat or drink, as you probably may, then *snap it up*, and you will be thought the more for so doing. They may guess as how you are an almighty odd sort of a man, but no matter for that."

"They have no idea of comfort; they have a national set of features. I could point out Brother Jonathan any where; he has a countenance of his own, on which apathy and indifference are strongly marked. They are a race possessing so much indifference and apathy, that it is of no use how you dress or how you speak, or whether you are a lord or a raftsmen. They value you for nothing you can possibly acquire. They are not very cowardly; they can die without much growling."

"The people of the United States are seldom troubled with rough chins, and many of them are beardless all the days of their lives; barbers and razors are not in great request."

"In every discovery in art or science that we (Britons) make, the Americans have a triple advantage over us: first, we think, reflect, and invent, for them, which saves much trouble and expense—secondly, they avail themselves of our discoveries and improvements in the abstract—and thirdly, in reality. We bustle about like active, industrious, plodding people; while Jonathan acts the crafty spy on all our actions, ever intent on aggrandizing himself at our expense. The idea of mutual benefits he detests; if there is not a real advantage on his side, he will have nothing to do with it. He can live comparatively easy to what we can; none need hunger in the States; and the idea of supporting wives and families gives the Americans no anxiety, as the affair is not fraught with difficulty. Their whole study is that of *overreaching*, from the cradle to the grave; this is the *primum mobile* of their existence."

We presume that our readers have, for the present, enough of Mr. Macdaggart's liberality and refinement. It is to be feared that his mere confession, that "none need hunger in the States," will have more power to draw his countrymen to our republic, than all his vilification of Jonathan to disgust them into Canada. A pamphlet has recently issued in London, consisting of "Twenty-four Letters from Laborers in America to their Friends in England," wherein all the writers dwell, with earnest particularity and acknowledgment, upon the wonderful improvement in their condition and hopes; upon the broad contrast between their original squalid wretchedness and debasing servility at home, and the plenty, independence, and fair prospects, which they enjoy in their new residence in Indiana, the interior of New-York, and other parts. Such reports will prove more efficacious than the most elaborate caricatures from the hand of any civil engineer in His Majesty's service.

They are said to be taken just as they came to hand. We insert a specimen or two:

"GREENBUSH, March 16, 1828.

"I believe America is the finest part of the world any man can get into. Here's no complaining we can't get a living; and it's a very foolish notion in England that the Americans don't live so well as the English. Tell Thomas Avann to come to America; and tell him to leave his strap what he wears when he has nothing to eat in England, for some other half starved slave. Tell Miriam there's no sending children to bed without a supper, or husbands to work without dinners in their bags in this country. See if you can't make Americanites of the Wimbletots' company. Happily, I am not old ***; nor yet young ****'s slave. It is an erroneous notion of you English, that if a man cannot, through any misfortune, maintain his family, that they may starve. It's an abominable lie; we have poor-laws and poor-taxes; the tax in this town, (for this country is divided into townships instead of parishes,) amounts to about thirty or forty dollars per year for the whole town; and there's more people than in Ewhurst. We have no gypsies, swing kettles, pikles, tramps, beggars, &c.; they are not allowed to be about. In this country, laborers do not go to work without knowing what they are going to have before they begin work."

"HUDSON, N. Y. July 6, 1828.

"Dear mother: I fear you will be troubled to read that side, it is put so thick; for my paper is not half big enough to say all that I want to; but this I can say, that we want for nothing. Bless God for it; for we can buy a leg of mutton every day, and green peas or French beans brought to the door; and we have got in 32 gallons of cider for 14s. I wish you were all here to help drink it. Tell my dear sister, if she was here she might earn 8 or 10s. a day, for they charge so much for work; I was forced to give 12s. for a cambric bonnet for Harriet. And now I must tell you what friends we met with when landed in to Hudson; such friends as we never found in England; but it was chiefly from that people who love and fear God. We had so much meat brought us, that we could not eat it while it was good; a whole quarter of a calf at once; so we had two or three quarters in a little time, and seven stone of beef. One old gentleman come and brought us a wagon load of wood, and two chucks of bacon; some sent flour, some bread, some cheese, some soap, some candles, some chairs, some bedsteads. One class-leader sent us 3s. worth of tin ware, and many other things; so we can truly say, godliness is profitable unto all things. We are in a land of plenty; and above all, where we can hear the sound of the Gospel."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Not having succeeded in procuring from London a copy of Capt. Hall's book, we must wait Carey's time, and in the interim are indebted for the following to the New-York American:

"Captain Basil Hall's Travels in the U. States, are published in England—and are almost ready, as we are informed, for publication here, from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia. It is certain, that the reading part of this country, a large proportion, look for this book with some anxiety; a hope, rather than a confidence, that justice may be done us by an intelligent traveller; and a certain degree of misgiving that this may, after all, prove only another added to the many previous caricatures of our country, its inhabitants, manners, and system of government.

"Disappointment there will be, at any rate—for we shall not be flattered. It will not be a book after the manner of Miss Wright's; and truth will be told, probably in all its nakedness, even if not invested with repulsive features, the creations of prejudice. To truth, however, severe and sometimes mortifying as it may be, we shall not object, for our vanity needs checking—and there is good sense enough mixed up in our national character to pardon and to profit by wholesome castigation. Capt. Hall and his wife were certainly an observant couple, [we include the lady, we hope, without laying ourselves upon the charge of wanting courtesy, because she was perhaps the more intelligent traveller of the two]—mingled much and generally among us—travelled in the ordinary conveyances of the country, and lost no opportunity of seeing all that was to be seen. Their reception everywhere was liberal in the extreme, perhaps in some places to a fault—as though there was a wish to forestall the good opinion of those, who were professedly on a book-making excursion, and a dread of falling under their censure. We shall be agreeably disappointed, if the travels do not commemorate, if only by a sneer, the officious civilities of which the travellers were sometimes the objects. But the book will soon be before us, and then we will render an account of it.

"As a picture of what is to come, we extract from the London Literary Gazette, of the 27th June, the following review of the book—

From the London Literary Gazette.

Travels in North America, in 1827 and 1828: By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

A book replete with sound sense and judicious information, but one to which even long leisure and mature analysis could not enable us to do sufficient justice. Capt. Hall investigates, weighs, and discusses the many subjects presented to him so fully, that our remarks and extracts must fail to exhibit any one of them in all its bearings; we must, therefore, after a hasty perusal too, as the work reached us late, and is only published this day, be content with a very imperfect selection of examples—a selection which, we confess, can furnish but a poor idea of the whole work, and merely serve as suggestions of its character and importance to our readers. It will, we are sure, be amply noticed by others, on both sides of the Atlantic. Our first specimen is towards the conclusion of a striking inquiry into the relative popular feelings of England and America towards each other.

"The artificial structure of society in the two countries is, besides, dissimilar in nearly all respects, and the consequent difference in the occupations, opinions, and feelings of the two people on almost every subject that can interest either, is so great and so very striking, even at the first glance, that my surprise is not why we should have been so much estranged from one another in sentiments and in habits, but how there should still remain—if indeed there do remain—any considerable points of agreement between us. It will place this matter in a pretty strong light to mention, that during more than a year that I was in America—and altho' the conversation very often turned on the politics of Europe for the last thirty years—I never, but in one or two solitary instances, heard a word that implied the smallest degree of sympathy with the exertion which England, single-handed, had so long made to sustain the drooping cause of freedom. It will be obvious, I think, upon a little reflection, how the same causes have not operated in America to keep her so entirely ignorant of England, as we in England are of America. Nearly all that she has of letters, of arts, and of science, has been, and still continues to be, imported from us, with little addition or admixture of a domestic growth or manufacture. Nearly all that she learns of the proceedings of the other parts of the world also comes through the same channel, England—which, therefore, is her chief market for everything intellectual as well as commercial. Thus, in a variety of ways, a certain amount of acquaintance of what is doing amongst us is transmitted, as a matter of course, across the Atlantic. After all, however, say what they please, it is but a very confused and confined sort of acquaintance which they actually possess of England. There was, indeed, hardly anything in

the whole range of my inquiries in the United States, that proved more different from what I had been led to expect, than this very point. At first I was surprised at the profundity of their ignorance on this subject; though I own it is far short of our ignorance of them. I was also well nigh provoked at this sometimes, till I recollected that an opinionated confidence in our own views, all the world over, is the most prominent characteristic of error. The Americans, of course, very stoutly, and I am sure with sincerity, assert their claims to infallibility on this point; and accordingly they receive with undisguised incredulity the most correct accounts which a personal familiarity with both countries enables foreigners to furnish. I learnt in time to see that similar causes to those already stated, though different in degree, in addition to many others, were in action in America to render England as ungrateful to them as America is undeniably with us. The nature of the monarchical form of government, with its attendant distinctions in rank, we may suppose is nearly as repugnant to their tastes as democracy is to ours. The eternal recollections, too, of all the past quarrels between us—in which, probably for want of any other history, they indulge not only in an occasional pleasure, but impose upon themselves as a periodical duty, and celebrate accordingly, with all sorts of national rancor, at a yearly festival—render the revolutionary war, in which they succeeded, nearly as fertile a source of irritation of them, with reference to poor Old England, though the issue was successful, as its disasters formerly were to us, who failed. But there is this very material, and, I take the liberty of saying, characteristic difference between the two cases: we have long ago forgotten and forgiven, out and out, all that has passed, and absolutely think so little about it, that I believe, on my conscience, not one man in a thousand amongst us knows a word of these matters, with which they are apt to imagine us so much occupied. Whereas, in America, as I have said before, the full, true, and particular account of the angry dispute between us—the knowledge of which ought to have been buried long ago—is carefully taught at school, cherished in youth, and afterwards carried, in manhood, into every ramification of public and private life. If I were asked to give my countrymen an example of the extent of the ignorance which prevails in America with respect to England, I might instance the erroneous but almost universal opinion in that country, that the want of cordiality with which, I grant, the English look upon them, has its source in the old recollections alluded to. And I could never convince them, that such vindictive retrospections, which it is the avowed pride and delight of America to keep alive in their pristine asperity, were entirely foreign to the national character of the English, and inconsistent with that hearty John Bull spirit, which teaches them to forget all about a quarrel, great or small, the moment the fight is over, and they have shaken hands with their enemy in testimony of such compact. At the same time I cannot, and never did, deny that there existed amongst us a considerable degree of unkindly feeling towards America; but this I contended was ascribable not by any means to past squabbles, recent or remote, but almost exclusively to causes actually in operation in their full force at the present moment, and lying far deeper than the memory of those by-gone wars, the details of which have long been forgotten, even by the few eye-witnesses who remain, and about which the English of the present day are either profoundly ignorant, or what comes to the same thing, profoundly indifferent. Be the causes, however, what they may, the curious fact of our mutual ignorance is indisputable. At least, so it appears to me; and I have good reason to believe that such is the opinion of almost every foreigner, continental as well as English, who has visited America. We, however, in England, as I have said before, frankly and fully admit our very small acquaintance with that country; whereas the Americans, probably with as much sincerity, proclaim their perfect acquaintance with England. The conclusion is odd enough; both parties are satisfied—they are convinced that they know all about us, and we are perfectly conscious that we know nothing about them. While, therefore, I may perhaps indulge myself in the expectation of being able to furnish some slight information to people on this side of the water respecting that country, I have had far too much experience of the hopeless nature of the converse of the proposition, to attempt changing the opinions of the Americans as to what is passing in England. On this topic, indeed, to use the words of Burke in speaking of another nation, the inhabitants of the United States are, it is to be feared, pretty nearly—reason-proof."

Our next extracts relate to the press, an object of infinite importance to every nation of the earth:

"No foreigner, unless he be a resident in the U. States, can take out a copy-right in America, either openly or by indirect contrivance. An American publisher, therefore, who succeeds in obtaining a copy of a book written in Europe, may reprint and put it into circulation without sharing the profits with the author, or having any connection with him

at all. Mere extent of sale, it may be observed, is the grand object aimed at by the American publishers; and as nothing secures this but low prices, competition takes the direction of cheapness alone. This circumstance affords a sufficient explanation of the miserable paper, printing, and binding, by which almost all reprinted books in that country are disfigured. It is very true, they serve their purpose; they are read and cast aside, or if kept for any time, they inevitably go to pieces. Except in the large cities, in the houses of the wealthiest persons, or in public institutions, there is no such a thing to be seen as a library. Undoubtedly, a vehement passion pervades America for reading books of a certain light description; but there does not exist the smallest taste, that I could ever see or hear of, for collecting books, or even for having a few select works stored up for occasional reference. In truth, the rambling disposition of the great mass of the people, their fluctuating occupations and habits of life, even in their most settled state, and various other causes, some domestic and some political, puts it out of their power to form libraries; at all events, be the causes what they may, very few individual persons ever seem to think of such a thing—a transient perusal being all that is looked for.

"The sale of a book does not go on from month to month, or from year to year, as with us—the whole being over in a few weeks, or at the most, months; consequently, the printer who is most expert, and most ingenious in cheap devices, makes the most profit while the public curiosity is alive."

We copy, as a miscellany, the account of a visit to Franklin's last resting place, in Philadelphia:

"On the 12th of December, we made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin—dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words—

BENJAMIN
AND
DEBORAH } FRANKLIN. 1790.

Franklin, it will be recollected, wrote a humorous epitaph for himself; but his good taste and good sense showed him how unsuitable to his living character it would have been to jest in such a place. After all, his literary works, scientific fame, and his undoubted patriotism form his best epitaph. Still, it may be thought, he might have been distinguished in his own land by a more honorable resting-place than an obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground, where his bones lie indiscriminately along with those of ordinary mortals; and his tomb, already well nigh hid in the rubbish, may soon be altogether lost. One little circumstance, however, about this spot is very striking. No regular path has been made to the grave, which lies considerably out of the road; but the frequent tread of visitors having pressed down the rank grass which grows in such places, the way to the tombstone is readily found without any guide."

Our last, for the present week, affords a curious sketch of manners:

"One day, when walking through the streets of Baltimore, my eye was caught with the following title-page of a book stuck in a shop window: 'The American Chesterfield, or Way to Wealth, Honor and Distinction, &c. &c. with alterations and additions, suited to the Youth of the United States, by a Member of the Philadelphia Bar.' The work in question I found to contain, besides an abridgment of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, 'a chapter addressed to the Americans.' I should probably not have ventured to touch on these delicate topics, had it not been for this casual opportunity of quoting the words of a witness who must be supposed impartial. 'The foregoing instructions,' says the author, 'were originally written for the improvement of a European. The editor of this work takes the liberty of adding a few remarks, addressed particularly to the young gentlemen of the United States. As there is no nation which does not exhibit something peculiar in its manners worthy of condemnation, so there is none in which something peculiar cannot be observed that demands reproof. Should an American gentleman, during a visit to Europe, be seen chewing tobacco, it matters not what may be his dress, or his letters of introduction, he will immediately be set down as a low-bred mechanic, or at best, as the master of a merchant vessel. No gentleman in Europe ever smokes except it be occasionally, by way of frolic; but no person, except one of the very lowest of the working-classes, is ever seen to chew. The practice of chewing leads to that most ungentlemanly and abominable habit of spitting upon the floor and into the fire. No floor in the United States, however clean—no carpet, however beautiful and costly—no fire-grate, however bright—not even our places of divine worship, are free from the detestable pollution. A person who is guilty of so unpardonable a violation of decorum and outrage against the decencies of polished life should be excluded from the parlor, and allowed to approach no nearer than the hall-door steps. When in a house, and a person has occasion to spit, it should be in one's pocket handkerchief, but never on the

floor or in the fire. The meanest and the rudest clown in Europe is never known to be guilty of such an indecorum; and such a thing as a spit-box is never seen there, except in a common tavern. There is another habit peculiar to the United States, and from which even some females, who class themselves as ladies, are not entirely free; that of lolling back, balanced upon the two hind legs of a chair. Such a breach of good breeding is never committed in Europe. Lolling is even carried so far in America, that it is not uncommon to see attorneys lay their feet upon the council-table; and the clerks and judges theirs also upon the desks in open court. But low-bred and disgusting as is this practice, how much more reprehensible is it in places of a still greater solemnity of character! How must the feelings of a truly religious and devout man be wounded when he sees the legs extended in the same indecent posture in the house of God! Another violation of decorum, confined chiefly to taverns and boarding-houses of an ordinary class, is that of reaching across a table, or across three or four persons sitting next to him who wishes for some particular dish. This is not only vulgar, but inconvenient. It is a sure sign of having been accustomed to low company, and should be avoided by every one who is ambitious of being thought a gentleman. The nasty practice of carving with one's own knife and fork, and of using one's own knife or spoon when wanting salt or sugar, does not call loudly for amendment; but cannot always be dispensed with, unless the mistress of the house will be careful in performing her duty, by seeing that the table is fully provided with such things as a decent table requires." Upon these statements I have only to observe, that while I bear testimony to their great fidelity, I think it right to state, that I never saw the slightest indecency of the kind above alluded to, or of any other kind, in an American church; on the contrary, there always appeared to be the most remarkable decorum in every place of worship which I entered in that country. Neither did it ever fall in my way to see an American judge in the same attitude referred to; but I have seen many a legislator extended in the manner described by the American Chesterfield—a posture of affairs, by the way, which, by bringing the heels on a level with or rather higher than the head, affords not a bad illustration of the principle as well as the practice of democracy."

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE... BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

They tell me, gentle lady, that
They deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair,
The bridegroom by thy side;
And I think I hear thy father's sigh,
Thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—
Their beautiful, their own.

I never saw a bridal, but
My eyelid hath been wet;
And it always seem'd to me as though
A joyous crowd were met
To see the saddest sight of all—
A gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden glances,
For a name and for a ring.
And other cares will claim thy thoughts,
And other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around,
And bluer skies above;
Yet thou, when I behold thee next,
May'st wear upon thy brow,
Perchance, a mother's look of care,
For that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I
Have seen thee, with thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air;
And bearing like a child,
Oh, how mournfully, how mournfully
The thought comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that
Free and girlish thing again.

I would that, as my heart dictates,
Just such might be my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth,
A music like the May:
But it may not be! within my breast
All frozen are the springs—
The murmur dies upon the lip,
The music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and
It tells me on my rest,
That sunshine shall illumine thy path,
And joy shall be thy guest;
That thy life shall be a summer day,
Whose evening shall go down,
Like the evening in the eastern clime,
That never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when
The ring hath press'd thy hand,
When thou lov'st and those that love thee
Weeping round thee stand,

Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves,
Like a spirit of the air,
Be o'er thee at that moment, for
A blessing and a prayer!

COMMUNICATED FOR THE ARIEL.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Compositor. An opulent printer in London caused the following Epitaph to be inscribed on his tomb after his death:

No more shall copy bad perplex my brain—
No more shall type's small face my eyeballs strain—
No more the proof's foul page create me troubles
By errors, transpositions, cuts, and doubles.
No more to overrun shall I begin—
No more be driving out, or taking in;
The stubborn pressmen's scorn I now may scoff—
Revised, corrected, finally—*worked off*.

On DEMAR, the hard-hearted usurer, who died 6 July, 1790:

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
DEMAR, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Here put his carcase in a chest:
The very chest in which they say
His *other self*, his money lay;
And if his heirs continue kind
To that *dear self* he left behind,
We dare believe, that four or five
Will think *his better half* alive.

E.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 5.

West's celebrated pictures of Death on the Pale Horse, and Christ Rejected, have been purchased at the late sale in London for exhibition in America. We congratulate the lovers of the fine arts upon the prospect of having these chef d'œuvres of one of our native artists, and among the greatest paintings the world ever saw, exhibited in the land which gave their author birth.

Mr. Tanner's *New Map*.—Without entering into particulars, we desire to express our admiration of Mr. Tanner's new map of the United States. It is one of the most complete and beautiful productions we have ever seen in its line, and has the rare merit of having been prepared from original documents, many of which have been collected at vast expense of time, money, and labor. We are assured that the materials of one particular section of the Union cost the compiler twenty seven hundred dollars. We learn with pleasure that its patronage is extensive.

In to-day's number will be found notice of Basil Hall's book, with some extracts. We are much pleased with Mr. Walsh's remarks upon this man and his book. He says, "By the way, though the gallant captain does not depict the Americans as absolutely beardless, he describes them as singularly phlegmatic and reserved towards the fair sex. He affirms that, in ball rooms, the ladies and gentlemen appear to be 'entire strangers to each other,' and that the gentlemen 'seem to have no fellow-feeling nor any wish to associate with the sex,' who are 'opposite, planted firmly along the walls, in the coldest possible formality.' We must be permitted to quote a little more of his precious text:"

"In the ordinary business of their lives—I mean their busy, money-making, electioneering lives—the Americans have little or no time for *companion-ship*, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women, still less for any habitual, confidential intercourse. Consequently, when they come together for the express purpose of amusement, those easy and familiar habits, which are essential to the cheerfulness of a ball room, or indeed of any room, are rarely to be found. In place of that unreserved but innocent freedom of manners, which forms one of the highest charms of polished society elsewhere, I must say that I seldom observed any thing in America but the most respectful and *icy* propriety upon all occasions when young people of different sexes were brought together. Positively, I never once, during the whole period I was in that country, saw any thing approaching, within many degrees, to what we should call a 'flirtation'—I mean that sedulous and exclusive attention paid to one person above all others, and which may by that person not be unkindly received."

They have a laughing philosopher in Providence. He laughs when he ought to cry.

Beneficial Societies.—We have remarked for some time with pleasure, the progress which these institutions are making in Philadelphia, and desire to lend our aid to the good cause. The plan generally pursued, is copied from that introduced by the carpenters' society: a number of individuals, frequently to the amount of hundreds, voluntarily join in an association, the nature of which somewhat resembles what might be termed a health insurance company. Each member obligates him or herself to pay from one to ten dollars annually, which entitles the member so paying, to assistance from the common funds in case of sickness, to a decent funeral, and in most instances to some care of their families in case of death. This is the main outline of most of the Beneficial Societies, and certainly it is worthy of all commendation. The tendency of money to increase when joined into a fund, is a fact which can scarcely be appreciated by those who spend all they make, or who are unable to lay up enough to try the experiment, while the union of so many units, soon accumulates a fund, which, if not too much drawn upon quickly, makes an income without the labor of the members, who thus become entitled to a greater amount when disabled, even upon the common principle of interest. We look upon these institutions, and the valuable saving fund, and may we not add, the Fuel Saving Society, as the introduction of a new era in our community, every way productive of utility. They make those who try their efficacy, both saving and independent; and in time of need, are a ready resource from the afflictions of poverty and disease. Human nature seems incapable, from its very constitution, of a nearer approach to the community system, than is exhibited in these societies, which engender kindly feelings, and cherish the better emotions of the heart, at the same time that they teach us our dependence on each other, and instruct us of our weakness. We rejoice when we hear of instances of prompt and efficient relief from these sources, and hope very few of our citizens, whose station in life renders them liable to a reverse of fortune, will be found out of the ranks of one or other of these institutions.

Collectors.—The fashion of inordinate expense in a particular species of mania for collections, whether of books, pictures, shells, or coins, has yet found but few followers in this country, though there are many individuals who laudably expend a part of their income in procuring and preserving what is rare in nature and art. We know of several private cabinets of shells in this city, which are creditable alike to the perseverance and taste of their owners; but compared with hundreds in Europe, they dwindle into insignificance. The book-mania in England and France has arrived at a pitch of extravagance which we should hardly credit in this country, except upon good authority. Five hundred guineas shall be paid for a book, which has no other merit than its rarity, and the intrinsic value of which is so small as not to be worth a reprint, and if one hundred copies could be known to exist, would not be worth five shillings. Dibdin, the well known author on these subjects, relates some very curious instances of what is termed the Bibliomania. The collecting of coins forms a source of amusement and instruction in Europe, for which we in America have no opportunity, and almost no inducement. Most European localities possess associations of battles, treaties, or some memento on which to found a collection, and we find in almost every town, both public and private, cabinets of coins, which are annually increased by discoveries in digging and ploughing. We fear there has been nobody found in the United States, who has been careful to collect or preserve a series of all the coins issued from our mint, which some day would be eminently curious and valuable. A great number of medals, too, have been struck commemorative of American events. We have seen twenty, at least, with the head of Washington. The first copper coins of American manufacture were curious. The penny had on one side, "mind your own business," and on the reverse, "Fugio," *I fly*—both most appropriate mottoes.

The species of collecting, however, which it is our purpose at this time to recommend, is that by which mechanics, artists, and others, preserve,

for reference, a series of drawings and models, which may be useful to their particular professions: it is a practice eminently useful, and which no individual who expects to arrive at eminence in his branch of art, should neglect. A portfolio of this kind will come in play more frequently than a common observer would anticipate, and will be found worth all the expense of time and money which it costs.

Drawing and designing is now considered indispensable for the master builder, the master blacksmith and the carpenter, and should be taught to even the commonest workman, who will find every operation of his business materially facilitated by his knowledge of this useful and elegant attainment. It has the advantage of easy acquisition, and of forming an agreeable occupation and amusement for winter evenings, and rainy days, and is, moreover, one which improves upon acquaintance, besides being in fact a capital for the initiated. The drawing schools of the Franklin Institute have infused a taste for this species of instruction, which is, we hope, the foundation of a national establishment in this branch of the fine arts. Let every man who values the future fortunes of his son, teach him to use his pencil on useful subjects, and he may possibly be laying the foundation of the means of his associating with kings, as was the case with our Benjamin West.

As for us poor editors, the only species of collecting in which we can indulge, is that of collecting the current money of the day; our cabinets rarely bear exhibition, and when we impart such good advice as we have above, we hope the deputy-collector of this paper may be received with courtesy, and discharged in good humor.

New and valuable invention.—Our ingenious townsman, Daniel Neale, the inventor of Neale's Vertical Printing Press, has just put in operation a new machine, for the printing of wall papers, and which promises to be valuable as a labor-saving invention. This machine prints a piece of wall paper in five minutes, and prints it well. It is simple, and can be put in operation at a small expense; and will, no doubt, supersede the former operation by hand. Mr. Neale, we learn, has a patent, which we hope will prove productive of profit.

Books.—With the annexed remarks of the editor of the National Gazette we entirely coincide. We cannot but think that the publishers of many of the books now circulated in this country at a cheap rate, will have a multitude of sins to answer for.

"The business of re-printing the new London works of fiction is now so comprehensive and systematic at New York, that nearly all, even the vilest, seem to be included; and the insignificance of the sum at which each of them is sold, places them within nearly universal reach. There is danger that they will supplant all the better literature in the hands of common readers—usurping time, vitiating taste, corrupting morals, vulgarizing manners and dialect, and filling the mind and heart with the worst garbage. Some of the works in question, that have been trumpeted in the New-York papers, should be carefully excluded from every family circle in which purity of principle and imagination, and soundness of literary appetite and food, are in any degree valued."

Mining.—Mining in every part of the world is attended with very similar results: a few, very few, grow rich, while the great mass of experimenters are utterly ruined. Witness the South American mines, where a thousand are ruined to one profitably employed. In the case of our Pennsylvania coal mines, the case is not so extreme, although our position is still supported by the results. A great many abortions, of which the public hear nothing, are continually occurring, while a very few become enriched, and their success stimulates a host of other adventurers, who expend their money on unproductive veins, and are fain to work at common wages, to obtain the means of getting home. The inscription on the penny, "mind your own business," contains much useful advice. "Stick to the business you understand," will be found a good pocket-piece through life. What shall we think then of the "captains" mentioned below, who went to North Carolina to dig for gold? Certainly, we may say, they deserved their fate.

Early last spring, six enterprising citizens of Salem, four of them ship-masters, set out for the

gold mine district in North Carolina, with an outfit of \$1000 each in cash, besides implements considered necessary for mining, &c. After selecting their ground, they labored diligently and perseveringly until the whole property embarked in the undertaking was exhausted. A few days since they returned to Salem, having spent their last dollar. One of them was arrested for debt immediately after his return, and now lies in jail.—This statement, (says the Boston Courier,) we have received from a gentleman, who has left his name; and who thinks, with us, that if any of our enterprising young men should have a fit of the *mine fever*, it might be of service to make it public."

A cabbage made its appearance in our market last Saturday, says the American Sentinel, weighing 17 lbs. raised by Mr. Richard Peltz, of Passyunk. As a companion-piece, the editor of the Boston Centinel has been presented with a cucumber, measuring 5 feet 1 inch in length. Some of our friends were disposed to doubt us, when we said "cucumbers as long as a bed-post." We hope they will give us implicit credit in future.

Sights of Books and Editors.—It may fairly be questioned whether there ever was so much and so little written as in these modern times.

Intemperance in lacing is still the theme of some editorial pens. Ladies who are given to over-lacing have now no chance of *going off*, except by consumption. As they must have something to exercise their ingenuity upon, we learn they intend to *bring up* high heels again. They form the easiest method of *getting up in the world* that we are acquainted with. Shopkeepers must increase the altitude of their doors and diminish their width.

Mummies.—Mrs. Lushington states, in her Journal from Calcutta to Europe, that, in the vicinity of Thebes, the hills appear to be nothing but roofs for sepulchres, filled with mummies, in a high state of preservation. Her feelings revolted at the sight of her dinner being prepared with fire made with coffin lids, which are the principal fuel!! Thus it is, the world and its inhabitants change—and what is sacred in one century, is put to the most profane purposes in another.

The King of England has turned jockey, and attended the late Ascot Heath Races. His Majesty's horse, *Colonel*, was beaten by *Zingane*, belonging to Lord Chesterfield, when, says the "Examiner," His Majesty "lifted up his arms in surprise." Colonel was bought for 4000 guineas, *twice as much* as West's painting of Death on the Pale Horse! One cannot but be surprised to see *how things go* in this sublimity world.

An intended insurrection of the blacks against their masters has been discovered and prevented, in Georgetown, S. C. One cannot wonder at these attempts, though willing to frustrate and discourage them. A party of enslaved whites would be very apt to do the same thing, if a reasonable prospect of *liberty* were presented.

Mr. Peters, who *walks on his head against the ceiling of the theatre*, whilst performing one of his feats at Boston, on Thursday week, fell from his elevated and unenvied height, on the Federal street Theatre stage, in a line with the lights of the Orchestra. He was bled on the spot, and, it is presumed, will repeat his experiments. Hope he will not trouble the lines of our *lights*.

A young man was lately killed, on the passing of a boat through one of the locks of the Union Canal near Lebanon. The Union Canal is completely navigable from Middletown to the Schuylkill; but the erection of new locks, to supersede the State locks, still prevents a junction with the Susquehanna, to the great injury of the revenue of the Canal.

A girl was lost at a camp-meeting, near Norfolk, last week.

A fellow has been taken up in Baltimore for a propensity in stealing the nuts off of steamboat engines, by which the lives of passengers were seriously endangered. We hope the rascal may be *screwed up* for life.

Henry Keek has been convicted at Wilkesbarre, Penn. of murder in the first degree.

Loungers.—What greater bore can there be, than to have a veteran lounge constantly at your elbow? A fellow who will stand by and look you in the face, while another one pokes a long bill into your very eyes; who will come in of a morning—every morning—just when you have manfully attacked a dozen proof-sheets—and, taking the only vacant chair in your office, ask where your exchange papers are—whether they are handy—if there is any thing new—what they say of the last new book—how many subscribers you've got—whether they pay well—if times are dull—whether you get this, that, or the other paper in exchange—and finally, pick up the proofs as you lay them down,—without thinking in the least that for all such impudence he deserves to be kicked into the street? Or, when you return from your dinner, thinking all the way of the bliss in store for you in the shape of the afternoon papers and a good segar, snugly ensconced in a cushioned elbow-chair—if you can afford that soft luxury—to find the afore-mentioned lounge occupying the very place your fancy had been so wantonly rioting in, with the paper in his hand, gaping with the everlasting interest and attention of "my aunt Shakerley?" Who can endure it? Who will endure it? And further, who does endure it? Certain it is, that there are divers of our editorial brethren who patiently submit to all these barbarous inflections—we among the rest; and that, until now, without complaining. But a lounge on a publication-day, when you are up to your eyes in paste and half folded newspapers—mere mortal patience cannot stand it! A brother of the type, who vegetates in New York, threatened to plant a six-pounder at his office door, and did actually saw off the fourth leg of the only stool in the office, being determined for himself to sit upon his thumb. But all would not do! Hear now what another one threatens: him of the *Batavia*, N.Y. Times—a clever fellow, truly:—

"Wanted, at the Editor's Closet, a large, likely SNAPPING TURTLE: one who has not been tamed, but possesses all the fierce qualities of his nature. For such an one, a reasonable price will be paid, if delivered soon."

We recommend a crab, because he can defend himself at all points, while a mere snapper can be got round by advancing on his rear—which our well-bred lounge will be sure to do, since he makes it a point to take no notice of the broadest hint.

The English Throne.—The ill health of the King has again become a theme for newspaper discussion in England. The *Morning Journal* says the King cannot be expected to live more than a few years at most, and that the next heir, the Duke of Clarence, will hardly live so long. The Crown then descends to the Princess Victoria, now eleven years old, and for whom a Regency must be established. The enemies of the Duke of Wellington are already charging him with treasonable designs, in paving the way to make himself Regent. In reply to these charges, the *Courier*, the organ of the British Government, defends the Duke from such imputations, and looks upon the project of the King's death as very remote, and considers a minor as having but a slim chance for the Throne. On this subject the *New York Albion*, which may be supposed to be well informed in regard to it, holds the following language:—

To Englishmen who love their country, it is painful to advert to any topic which contemplates, or any way threatens with danger the integrity of the realm, on the right and natural succession of the illustrious house of Brunswick. To a topic of this sort, recent publications in the English Journals have unwillingly drawn us; for strange as it may appear, party rancour has been sufficiently desperate to assail the most elevated with every species of obloquy, and to almost call in question the stability of the monarchy itself. In plain terms, then, the Anti-Catholic party, consisting of some of the most eminent and illustrious men in England, openly charge the Duke of Wellington with cherishing designs which in former times would have brought him to the scaffold. For one of the mildest of these charges, we [the *Albion*] refer to an article in another column, from the *Morning Journal*, and to the able and indignant article from the *Courier*, which follows it. It is not a solitary instance, for the *Standard*, *Blackwood*, the *Age*, and even the *John Bull*, lend themselves to the same base and calumnious objects. The ground assumed is this: The King is without children and advanced in life;

in the event of his early demise, the Crown passes to his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who is also advanced in life, and in bad health, or otherwise, it is insinuated, not in a state to exercise the legal functions. On the death of both these illustrious personages, which it is pretended is an event not very remote, the sceptre descends to the daughter of the late Duke of Kent, the Princess Victoria, who is now about 11 years of age. For a sovereign of such tender years, a Regency will be requisite, and the cavillers declare that the Duke of Wellington would, with his influence and majority in Parliament, proclaim himself Regent. Having thus placed himself at the head of the country, with his dangerous ambition—his alarming popularity, kept up and increased by concession to the radicals—and virtually commanding the army and navy—is there not danger, say they, that he will usurp the Throne itself? or at all events make himself a second Cromwell, and bring the lawful sovereign to the block? However, as they truly enough say, will be detached from the British Crown the moment the diadem is placed on the head of a female—the salique law, which excludes a female succession, being in force in that kingdom. This is the indictment preferred against the Duke of Wellington, and to prevent the Duke from carrying these projects into execution, honest John Bull is thus timely warned of his danger. At the head of this opposition is found the Duke of Cumberland, a most resolute, active, and daring partizan, to whose son, Prince George, the Crown of Hanover will descend on the death of his father, the King, and the Duke of Clarence. To prevent the separation of the two Kingdoms, it is affirmed that Prince George, and his cousin, the Princess Victoria, will in due season be united in marriage, and thereby strengthen the hands of the Duke of Cumberland, give him a prior claim to the Regency, and thus defeat the ambitious views of the Duke of Wellington.

Our readers need not be told how extravagant and unfounded this hypothesis is. The Duke of Wellington is exceedingly popular and determined to carry other measures of reform; the design of his opponents is to render him unpopular by attributing to him ambitious and treasonable projects—and thus by curbing his power, defeat his plans of reform. The people of England are too well informed to be alarmed at such stories, and high as the Duke now stands, he would in an instant sink to an irrecoverable depth of infamy at the very dawn of such a design, or at a bare suspicion of it by a body of the people. But the matter meets its best refutation in the fact, that the king is in excellent health, and likely to live to a good old age. That he may do so is the fervent aspiration of every truly British heart. The King is satisfied with his Ministers, and so is the nation—there will be no change. The course of policy pursued by the present Government—that of a moderate system of Toryism—will be adhered to. It is adapted to the spirit of the age; enhances the glory of the nation, and receives the approbation of the British people. We have adverted to this subject in order to show that folly and malevolence are its moving principles.

Since reading the above, we have met the following mysterious paragraph, from the *London Morning Journal* of the 22d July. We give it as we find it:—

"We have the best authority for stating that his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland, has been prevailed upon by His Majesty to postpone his journey to Berlin for several days. The motives for this will soon transpire. The King is sensibly alive to the state of the country, and the communications from every quarter have begun to open his eyes to the dreadful evils which alike degrade the monarch and afflict his people. There is a crisis at hand; and in a few days it will be in our power, our lips being then unsealed, to disclose facts which will place a certain noble and imperious personage in a light which, if we mistake not, will be an antidote to his hectic dreams of ambition."

Devereux, by the author of *Pelham*, &c. is just published in this city, and receives the praises of all true novel readers.

The third series of *Scott's Tales of a Grandfather* are about to issue from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey.

Sir Walter Scott cannot move ten miles from home, but it is supposed he is seeking a scene for a new novel. He has lately excited considerable speculation by visiting Falkland.

A writer in the *London Atlas*, speaking of the theatres in New-York, enumerates among the number the *Shottam*. Chatham was no doubt the one referred to.

The *London Morning Chronicle*, in a sensible article on Capt. Hall's Travels, says, "His eternal comparisons are silly." We think so, too.

Fire Department.—It has long been a subject of regret and anxiety with considerate parents to witness the fact, that firemen are induced, when laboring with praiseworthy industry for the benefit of their fellow citizens, to make use of intoxicating liquors. It is but too true that hundreds have acquired at fires a fondness for the insinuating cup. The Temperance Societies of New York have issued an address on this subject, remarkable alike for its just sentiments, and calmness of argument. It affords us pleasure to insert the following extracts—which apply with equal force to our citizens, who, we hope, will evince their usual good sense in taking the subject into consideration. The address states, that "A cold selfishness might lead gentlemen in the vicinity of a fire to pour out for the fireman the intoxicating draught, which will goad him to preternatural efforts, and prove deadly in the end. But we are persuaded that feeling hearts, and reflecting minds, need only the suggestion of the subject, to adopt a more suitable method of shewing their hospitality. It is a poor return for the fireman's zeal in preserving our habitations from fire, if we set before him the cup of temptation, and help to make him a drunkard."

"We believe that warm tea, and especially warm coffee, with some little articles of food, will exert all the stimulating power which is needful, and at the same time afford real nourishment to the body, instead of goading it with exertions beyond its strength. Abundant experience has proved that under any circumstances whatever, of fatigue or exposure, or hardship, these refreshments are far better than intoxicating liquors of any kind. * *

"There are now many firemen who will not use spirituous liquors under any circumstances; and many more who would not, if they could be furnished with anything else. It is certain that neither the enthusiasm nor the courage, with which these noble spirited young men enter upon their duties, can owe its origin to the brute stimulus of intoxicating drink. If the citizens would generally adopt the practice of furnishing the firemen with hot coffee, it is probable that soon every fireman would be pleased to abandon entirely the use of the en-snaring cup. We are encouraged in this belief, from the fact that already two of the fire companies in Brooklyn have resolved wholly to discard the use of liquors."

"If any further motives are wanting, they may be found in the order and stillness which would prevail at fires, where no intoxicating drinks are introduced; in the coolness and judgment with which the men would discharge their duties; in the increased efficiency of the work, and the consequent greater security of neighboring houses; in the diminished hazards of a service where so many are injured by fool-hardy rashness; and in the removal of one most formidable objection which prevents many considerate young men from joining the department, and filling up some of the five hundred and sixty-three vacancies in the fire companies."

The Dying Editor.—Who is there among the fraternity, especially one who happens to be as well acquainted with the writer as we are, can refuse to publish "the last paragraph" of a declining Editor? We take it from the *Belvidere Apollo*, printed at Belvidere, N. J. by EDMUND P. BANKS.

The last paragraph.—There is a melancholy pleasure in scribbling with a feeble hand these few lines, as we feel that they will be received in kindness by those of our brethren with whom we have exchanged—not papers alone, but mutual tokens of esteem. The rupture of a blood-vessel, attended with a gradual decline of health, has stretched us for a month past on a sick bed—and leaves now, but a sad and doubtful prospect for the future. If in the course of our editorial career we have carelessly injured the feelings of any of our contemporaries, we request them to extend to us the hand of forgiveness and reconciliation; remembering only that which was agreeable. We would now bid one and all a kind farewell, wishing from the bottom of our heart that they may be blest with perfect health and unalloyed happiness. We shall feel grateful to any of our friends who may be kind enough to continue their papers until the *Apollo* reverts into other hands, and it will be soothing to know that we have not been unnoticed in our *last paragraph*."

Alas! poor BANKS! We knew thee well! Thou wert a fellow of infinite jest and mirth, and knew how to turn a joke with all the exquisite humor of

the presiding genius of the *Berkshire American*. We remember the flush of honest pride which mantled on thy cheek, when thy plans were unfolded to us, four years ago, of purchasing the *Apollo*—of building it up into a respectable and profitable concern—of uniting heart and hand with one to whom thy plighted faith had long before been given—and finally, of living long and happily, surrounded by the blessings of that sacred spot, where "bliss flies for shelter—the domestic hearth," breathing the bland atmosphere of the rural scene. Alas! how harshly has the cup been dashed from him—almost untasted too! He purchased the *Apollo*—built it up—increased its patronage, until his circumstances were comfortable—built himself a house, and claimed in marriage the hand of that affectionate being whose heart was already his. Life flowed on with a calm and unruffled current. An ardent devotion to business, incited no doubt, by the tender ties that now bound him to the earth, overcame the feebleness of a constitution naturally weak—

"'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low—
She too much indulged the fond pursuit,
She sowed the seed, but death has reaped the fruit."

How affecting is the contrast! In his own words, "a gradual decline of health has stretched us for a month past on a sick bed, and leaves now but a sad and doubtful prospect of the future." From our heart we pity him. At the early age of five-and-twenty to be thus laid prostrate! Surrounded by ties the tenderest and most endearing—forced to give up all that makes life beautiful—nay, life itself, we cannot withhold the tribute of our sincere, though unavailing regret. Yet there is a higher world to which our sinking friend may now direct his confiding gaze. RELIGION is still ready to become the sure guide to his footsteps—

"From slavish fears, from low debasing cares,
'Tis hers alone the sinking soul to save.—
For her its sweetest smile creation wears,
For her no terror has the frowning grave."

As regards his establishment, which now needs a hearty man to conduct it, he publishes the following circular:—

VALUABLE!—Owing to extreme ill health, the subscriber is induced to offer for sale the Office of the *Belvidere Apollo*. The subscription list is large, and may in the hands of a proper person, be easily increased to two thousand, if desired. The County is a rich one, and daily improving. The *Apollo* is the only paper in the county, and the advertising and job-work is so large as often to require an extra hand. To any one wishing to purchase such an establishment, no country place can hold out greater inducements; and if application be made immediately, immediate possession can be given. The terms will be made easy to any one who is able to give satisfactory security.

Aug. 21, 1829.

EDMUND P. BANKS.

Southern Review.—"A bit of Local" has always appeared to us very desirable, and we do not wonder at the editor who, finding a man hanging by a lamp-post, cut him down, and very coolly carried him into his back-room, in order that he might tell the story before his brother editor could get wind of it. He came very near being convicted of murder; but that was a trifle compared with telling so capital a piece of local a week ahead of his competitor. We always open those papers first in which we are in the habit of getting local information; and are very apt to turn over the others to the trunk-maker, without much troubling their columns. We know by experience that it is the most difficult copy to procure, and if it be not good, it is good for nothing. Still, we think it is the duty of an editor to place before his readers something that passes in the vicinity where his paper is printed. We were led to these remarks by glancing over the contents of the *Southern Review* for August. It is sufficient to quote the table of contents, viz.—Higgins' Celtic Druids; Hoffman's Legal Outlines; The Fine Arts; Education in Germany; Abbott's Letters from Cuba; Cicero de Republica; Travels in China; Dyspepsia; Heber's Sermons in England. The *Southern Review* has been conducted with spirit, and has exhibited a goodly portion of learning; it may be that there has nothing been published of American growth, which was thought by the editors worthy of comment; but we must beg leave to differ from them, and to say that the *Southern Review* is no better title for the book before us than "London

Review." A review, it may be said, is unlike a newspaper, and must seize the most prominent features of the literature of the day. It will be readily acknowledged there is truth in the remark—but we still insist upon it, there is a locality, a home to hail from, which every bark, be it a ship or a review, should be careful to retain, least her papers, when over-hauled by a cruiser, be found defective.

Statues.—We remarked for some days of last week the proceedings of certain workmen in the State House Yard, whose operations we ventured to prophecy were likely to result in the appearance of a couple of fountains. The ground to the east and west was dug up, and two handsome pedestals inserted, mounted on which we fully expected to see a pair of Tritons, spouting in plenty the waters of the Schuylkill. Their labors proceeded to completion, and mounted on the said pedestals a pair of statues executed by Rush, in wood, which formerly adorned the stairs of the council chamber. They add considerably to the effect and beauty of the square, and will long remain, we trust, monuments of the genius and taste of our townsman, whose labors, we have often regretted, were not directed to the more enduring substance of marble. The statues now exposed to the elements are well painted, and are said to represent *Hope and Justice*. A friend of ours, who is a sensible Adams-man, remarked, on seeing *Hope*, that he supposed it had some reference to next October—the dominant party *hoping*, no doubt, to secure their next election by a popular display. We will engage for ourselves to vote for the present councils, if they will place four handsome fountains in conspicuous places—and not without.

PS.—Since the above was written, we discover our *HOPE* turns out to be *WISDOM*.

The new Steeple.—This new erection has attained its final altitude, which is by no means as great as was anticipated, having stopped, as an Irishman would say, half way up. It is surmounted by a large cross, indicating the locality of a Catholic Chapel. Among the *on dits* of the day, it is asserted that there is a prospect of a steeple being erected on the foundation long since prepared, at the corner of Fourth and Cherry streets. This situation, in former years, had a fine spire, but when the church was rebuilt, after the old one was burned down, the steeple was left to a future period for completion. We trust that period has now nearly arrived.

Remarkable.—One day last week, a man, standing on the margin of the river, at Burlington, N. J. observed a great commotion on the surface of the water, about an hundred yards from shore. He watched it for some minutes, but was unable to ascertain the cause, until, procuring a boat, he pushed off to learn the origin of this unusual troubling of the waters. On reaching the object, and lifting it into his boat, he discovered it to be a *rock-fish*, with a large *cat-fish* athwart its mouth, which, in a vain attempt to swallow it, had stuck fast by the horns in the gullet of its voracious enemy. The rock-fish weighed seventeen pounds, and the cat-fish was about twelve inches long. The latter was extricated from his dangerous hiding-place, and on being put into the river, swam off as if he had met with only an every-day occurrence; while the *rock* was safely rowed homewards, to make a first-rate dinner for any ten men who should be asked to discuss its merits.

Queer Logic.—A lottery broker of this city, after spreading before the public a glowing list of high prizes, adds, "purchasers at my office may rest assured, that they have as good a chance at my office, (and no better,) and I would again repeat, that there are nearly two blanks to a prize, in all lotteries; of course, adventurers may more likely get a blank than a prize. With these facts before your eyes, gentlemen and ladies can use your own discretion. If you conclude to purchase, call at No. — North Third street." Every one to his liking, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

Delaware and Raritan Canal.—A public meeting of the citizens of Morris county has been held, to hold up to the people of New-Jersey the importance of this canal.

Captain Hall and Cattle Shows.—We have to thank the Commercial Advertiser for setting Basil Hall right, as regards a variety of matters and things in this country, which he has effected in a good humor, and without leaving the Englishman any room to creep out. We must be permitted to quote the articles relative to the Captain's visit to an American cattle show. The Commercial says—

"Returning to Boston, Capt. H. attended the cattle show and fair at Brighton. Here were many objects of curiosity and attention: cattle, horses, sheep, hogs, and men, in great abundance. But he was astonished to find no women there. Four thousand men, and but nine women! This was worse than the cattle show at Stockbridge, where there was more females, but they were all kept on one side of the church. Capt. H. strayed about—no girls romping on the grassy knolls with the boys—no cheerful faces of any sort. No laughing, or singing, or hallooing. But every body toiled for pleasure, and looked as sober as so many owls about it. At last Capt. Hall heard a fiddle! He started at the sound, and hurried to the place whence it came, when, lo! four MEN were dancing a reel! This was horrible; but when the Captain inquired why the women were not there to enliven the scene, and join in the merry-making, he was only laughed at. This subject gives the Captain a text for twenty pages of comment. After long and patient examination, he came to a deliberate opinion, 'that the women of the United States do not enjoy that station in society which has been allotted to them elsewhere.' We have neither room nor patience to follow the Captain through the long chain of reasoning by which he endeavors to sustain this opinion. Of the women of England, on the contrary, he declares 'that the virtual controul which they there exercise over the conduct of the men, extends to every thing public as well as domestic.' He does not believe, however, that it is the design or desire of the men to keep their families below their station; but attributes the fact to our defective political system. Our men are always engaged in the turmoils of litigation and politics, with which employments the women can have no participation; the men are less domestic than in England. They do not, therefore, cultivate those thousand domestic comforts and endearments which render life delightful. We shall leave it to our ladies themselves to pronounce whether Captain Hall is right in regard to his facts. And we will also submit it to the same fair referees to decide, whether our females do not attend just as many agricultural shows and fairs as they wish to attend. The attendance of women at fairs, Capt. Hall thinks an evidence of civilization—a proof that the sex is held in higher estimation where this practice prevails. Perhaps it is so. But in order that our readers may have the means of arriving at a correct opinion upon so grave a matter, we will quote the latest account of the latest fair of which we have heard, in Capt. Hall's own favorite kingdom, which was honored with the presence of the ladies. We copy from the London Courier, of July 16, 1829:

"RATHDOWNNEY, July 11.—The hostile factions of the *Cumminses* and the *Dharrigs*, whose animosity the *Great Pacificator* professes to have quelled by his mission to Clare, made a match to have a grand field-day, and if occasion might serve, a regular pitched battle, at the fair of this town, which was to be holden yesterday. Of the *Cumminses*, hundreds came from the neighborhood of Mountrath, and other parts of the Queen's county, for the sole purpose of fighting, and nothing else. They were accompanied by a number of the softer sex, who carried the weapons of their heroes under cloaks, in order to hush the suspicions of the police, in case those officious functionaries should be minded to spoil sport. The tender creatures, in many instances, trudged eight or ten Irish miles through the rain on this philanthropic errand."

"By the assistance of the clergy, and the aid of a strong detachment of the Police, peace was preserved during the day: But—"

"At about eight in the evening a gang of *Dharrigs*, who had been lurking in the town, attempted to force their way into a public house kept by one Longhman. Longhman, being of the adverse faction, barred the door against the intruders, who vigorously assailed the house with stones, one of which, passing through the window, fell upon an infant in the cradle and killed it. Fortunately (I will say) there were fire arms in the house, and a young man belonging to the family fired and killed

one of the scoundrels. The attack was only rendered the more furious by this. It soon became necessary to fire again, and a second of the *Dharrigs* bit the dust; he is not dead yet, though. Immediately a simultaneous rush was made, the family and inmates escaped by the back door, and in a twinkling their dwelling was totally demolished. The house of Longhman's son-in-law speedily shared the same fate."

"Here we have an account of a fair in the old country, graced, too, by the women, as Captain Hall would have them graced. And whenever our unfortunate country shall become so refined as to hold such a fair at Stockbridge and Brighton, we shall certainly invite Capt. Hall to attend, that he may enjoy a more exhilarating spectacle amongst us than can be expected from two or three thousand people who were soberly attending to their own business, and eating their pigs and pies in silence, while grave looking boys played at foot ball, instead of breaking each others' heads, just by way of showing their hilarity."

The Philadelphia Gazette recommends fountains. No doubt we shall now have them.

Mosquitoes.—Habit is acknowledged on all hands to be second nature. We desire to know, whether any-body ever accustomed his nature to liking the habit which mosquitoes are in, of annoying human beings in their sleep?

The Warren County Messenger, published at Glenn's Falls, N. Y. contains the following pithy notice:—

"Wm. Hay has resumed the practice of law, which he abandoned, because at least three-fourths of his clients would not permit him to transact their business at a proper time and place, or in a proper manner. The purpose of this notice is, to request that he may not be employed by persons who are unwilling to observe his rules, the most inflexible of which is, that in all cases he will transact business at his office only—and not in the streets, horse sheds, &c. Gentlemen will not require him to violate rules adopted for the protection of his character and their interests: others may be assured, that one refusal will be the only answer."

Total number of deaths in this city during the fortnight ending 22d inst. 181—52 of which were by cholera morbus.—In the moderate use of ripe fruits, we can scarcely believe that there is danger to the healthy; but children seize on every thing in the shape of an apple, peach, or melon, and crowd their stomachs with the disorganizing load, until sickness becomes as certain as health is after moderation. Excess in these cases, as in most others, constitutes the offence.—*The difference.*—The Turks are called Infidels and Atheists, but they attribute their success to the favor of the *Almighty God*. The Russians are professed Christians, but they supplicate the blessing of the *God of War*.

—*An Editor punished.*—An Editor in the West has lost a subscriber, and is threatened with the loss of many others, because he will drink a glass of brandy and water with his dinner.—*Vulgaria.*—A Boston paper lectures Hezekiah Niles, of the Weekly Register, for writing bad English. Mr. Niles says, in his paper, "Misery gathers strength to itself like a snow ball increases its bulk in being rolled." The Boston man tells Hezekiah he should have used *as*, instead of *like*.—Even worse than the above: An inflated quill-driver, who lumbers the weekly columns of a paper in this state, lately perpetrated the following sentence, in a long article on the *decency* of the press—"This paragraph smells like it had been strained through the sweet-scented columns," &c. A tyro of twelve months' schooling would have written *as though*, in place of *like*—or in default received the ferrule. We are puzzled which most to admire in this paragraph, the elegance of the diction, or the chasteness of the sentiment. Verily, there are those whom chance has put in possession of types and ink, who deserve lodgings in a penitentiary for committing *man-slaughter* on the *mother tongue*.—*Memories.*

—A French professor in the Art of Memory asked his pupils "where was Joan of Arc born." None could tell. "Well then," said the professor, "remember, she was born at Donremi, near Vaucouleurs. And how will you remember this? Remember Don, the Spanish title, as we say Dom or Don Quixotte; and, as for Remi, Archbishop of

Rheims, who consecrated King Clovis. And now for your lesson. Stephanie, my child, where was Joan of Arc born?" "Monsieur, she was born at Rheims, where she consecrated King Clovis." "Poh, child; Julius, tell me who was the Archbishop of Rheims." "Monsieur, he was Don Quixotte."—*Horrid.*—On Thursday, says an English paper, a young man, aged twenty, employed at Parkes and Otway's iron works, Manchester, put his head through one of the cog wheels while it was in motion, and was decapitated! This freak was performed with the view of exhibiting the fearlessness of his disposition to his companions.—*The Three Doctors.*—An eminent author saith: "There are three doctors; Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman; they are reported to be excellent physicians, and if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly."—*The Irish Manufactory.*—A gentleman riding out in the vicinity of Dublin, saw some odd looking buildings, for which he could not imagine a use. A little girl was passing. "Well, my little dear," said he, "are those houses for a school?" "Oh, no, sir, they are a manufactory." "Oh, for a manufactory; and pray what do they make there?" "Nothing, sir!"

Optical Amusements.—Pierce a card with a small hole, and holding it before a window or white wall, a pin being held between the eye and the card will be seen on the other side of the orifice, inverted and enlarged. The reason of this phenomenon, as M. Lecat has observed, is, that the eye sees only the image of the pin on the retina; and since the light which is arrested by the head of the pin comes from the lower part of the window or wall, while that which is stopped by the lower end of the pin comes from the upper part, the image must necessarily appear inverted relatively to the object. The phenomena of the *mirage* may be completely imitated, as Dr. Wollaston has shown, by directing one's observation to a distant object along an iron bar heated to redness, or through a saline or saccharine solution, covered with alcohol.

The following experiment, suggested by Dr. Brewster, explains very agreeably the formation of halos:—Put a few drops of saturated solution of alum on a piece of glass; it will rapidly crystallize in small octahedral plates, scarcely visible to the naked eye. When this is held between the eye and the sun, or a lamp, the eye being nearer the smooth surface of the glass, three beautiful halos of light will appear, at different distances from the luminous body. The interior halo, which is the whitest, is formed by the images refracted by two of the surfaces of the crystals, but little inclined to each other. The second halo, whose colors are finer, is formed by two faces more inclined. And the third, which is very large, and highly colored, is formed by two faces still more inclined. The same effects may be obtained with other crystals, and each halo will be either double when the refraction is considerable, or modified by various colors when the refraction is weak. The effects may be varied in a curious manner, by crystallizing on the same piece of glass salts of a determinate color. By this means, halos white and colored succeed each other.—*Bulletin technologique, Aout, 1828.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The remittance from A. R. T. and A. A. W. Amherst College, Mass. is safely received.

Another Patron!—David Coleman, of Mount Hope, Orange county, N. Y. after receiving and reading ten numbers of the 3d Volume of the *Ariel*, refuses to pay for the rest, or even for those he has received! What a satisfaction it must be to a man's conscience, to know that he has cheated a printer, who lives 150 miles off, out of three dollars!

DIED.

At Burlington, N.J. on second day morning, the 24th ult. Milcah Martha Moore, relict of the late Dr. Charles Moore, aged 88 years and 9 months.

At Upper Marlborough, on 13th ult. aged 57 years, Truman Tyler, Esq. late Cashier of the Planters' Bank, and Register of Wills for Prince George's county, Md.

At New Bedford, Mass. on 22d ult. Mr. Gilbert Russell, aged 69 years. On Friday last, while riding in his carriage with two of his daughters, on turning the corner of a street, the horse became frightened, suddenly started, and overturned the carriage, throwing Mr. R. with great violence against the curbstone, which occasioned his death the next evening. The ladies were not dangerously injured.

At Swansea, Joseph Sewell, commonly called the Lincolnshire Giant. The deceased was 7 feet 4 inches high, and weighed 528 pounds. Sewell's dress required five yards of broad cloth for his coat, five yards of cloth and lining for his waistcoat, seven yards of patent cord for his trousers; his shoes were fourteen inches and a half long, and six inches and a half wide.—[London paper.]

WOMAN.—To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from that love, which honor, innocence, & religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded—but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion never missed the presence or the sympathies of Woman! Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not, and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them, that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.—*Judge Story.*

ELOQUENCE OF THE PASSIONS.—Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained, that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprung from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render rapid and studied the speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened, some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene, will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

ALPHABETS.—The English alphabet contains twenty-four letters; to which, if we add j and y, consonants, there will be twenty-six; the French contains twenty-three, the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Coptic thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Greek twenty-four; the Latin twenty-two; the Slavonic twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Ethiopic and Tartarian each two hundred and two; the Indians of Bengal twenty-one; the Burmese nineteen; the Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet, except we call their language by that name; their letters are words, or rather hieroglyphics, amounting to about eight thousand.

Secrets are so seldom kept, that it may be with some reason doubted whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed, and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes, imperceptibly, at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.—*Johnson.*

THE ORACLE.

QUESTION.—I am of opinion that society in America is divided into *castes*, as completely as in India. In what do they differ? The poor do not associate with the rich.

ANSWER.—The material difference between the *castes* of the two countries consists in this: In India, a person born to a particular caste cannot leave it, without losing his character. In America, every man is respectable who is virtuous, and may expect some day to belong to the highest caste or rank.

QUESTION.—I am in love—deeply, everlastingly in love; and the gentleman either will not or cannot understand my signs and motions. What in modesty can I do more, to open his eyes?

ANSWER.—Alas, poor lady! your case is a very hard, and we fear, not a singular one. We can only advise to pull him by the nose, write to him—or if neither of these will do, shew him this question and answer in the Oracle.

QUESTION.—I am told by persons, whose veracity is undoubted, that several instances have of late years come before the public courts, of persons being married in a state of beastly intoxication, so as to be incapable of returning pertinent answers to the minister or magistrate, either of his own or as dictated to him. Can such a person be properly said to be married according to the law of God, even tho' a positive oath was extracted from the victim?

ANSWER.—Even upon the supposition, that by several times asking he made use of all his proper responses, it does not follow that the law of God will look upon this as a marriage. The wisdom of the Church, as well as the law, appointed the matrimonial ceremony upon the supposition that the words in it are to be offered to such persons as know what they say. The words of matrimony are not the essential act of marriage, but a public sign or solemnization of a legal contract made between the parties before-hand. Now, words are only the index of our minds; and when words are forced upon us by undue means, the sense of which we neither understand nor will; it is a sacrilegious rape committed upon the soul, which, by how much it is of a more excellent nature than the body, by so much greater is the injustice, and deserves a more severe punishment than our law requires; and all persons who assist in such weddings are a species of *spiritual pimps*; and the marriage in itself, tho' good in law as to property and estate, is in our opinion null and void.

QUESTION.—Whether a lawyer may not live as well, and as innocently, before God, as men of other employments?

ANSWER.—Here is a question to puzzle the most learned casuist, and to which the *Bench* would be sorely tried to answer. Many things are possible in themselves, that is, involve no absolute contradiction—that yet are not so according to the present settled course and order of things. Many things are possible, even in the ordinary course of things, and usual chain of causes and effects, which will never, though they might be—and which, since they are never likely to go any further, we leave just where they are, and let the lawyers and your question e'en shift it between them.

QUESTION.—In your opinion of all callings and employments, which is the most cleanly, neat, and genteel?

ANSWER.—The most cleanly is that of the scavengers, who do not always do their duty, however, in Philadelphia; the neatest, the barber, who is a most invaluable citizen; and the genteel, the tailor, without whose labors many a man would look vastly ungenteel.

QUESTION.—Whether this is or is not the Golden Age?

ANSWER.—Not with newsmongers, or oracles. We don't know how it may be with you; in North Carolina, it certainly is; in Pennsylvania, coal being the staple, it may be called the *Dark Age*.

QUESTION.—Who is the greatest man of the present age?

ANSWER.—The Irish Giant.

QUESTION.—I am apprenticed to a cordwainer, and have received so many stripes for not minding my work, that I have determined to apply to you to

know whether I had better complain to the mayor, or run away?

ANSWER.—Mind your business, and let the mayor and us alone.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Lines to one who asked why my brow was clouded.

Why should my brow be glad?
Why should my step be gay?
Since every thing is fleeting here—
As flowers but bloom to disappear,
And joys but to decay.
Year after year flits by,
And bears us toward our doom;
Yet every one to mark its flight
Hath cast on some lov'd thing a blight,
To mind us of the tomb.
The sighs of cherish'd love—
Hopes ever on the wing—
Ingratitude, and wasted health—
And loss of him, and friends, and wealth—
These are the woes they bring.
Like the bright icy wreaths
That shroud our wintry trees,
Such are our hopes—as cold and fair,
They vanish while they dazzle there,
E'en in the first slight breeze.
The grieved heart may wear
Pleasure's bright sunny smile—
May seek to lure away its grief—
But smiles bring not the wish'd relief,
Sad thoughts they cannot wile.

SIGMA.

From Bayley's Ballads.

THE NURSERY TALE.

Oh! did you not hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossips tell,
Of the two young girls that came to drink
At a certain fairy well?
The words of the youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip!
At the well a beggar accosted them,
(A sprite in a mean disguise);
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The youngest with tearful eyes.
Cried the Fairy, "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall—
But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."
And have you not met with these sisters oft
In the haunts of the old and young?
The first with her pure and unsullied lip—
The last with her serpent tongue?
Yes! the first is Good Nature—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws;
And the last is Slander—leaving the slime
Of the snake wherever she goes!

From the same.

THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER.

This is my eldest daughter, sir—
Her mother's only care;
You praise her face: oh, sir, she is
As good as she is fair!
My angel Jane is clever too,
Accomplishments I've taught her;
I'll introduce you to her, sir—
This is my eldest daughter!
I've sought the aid of ornament,
Bejewelling her curls;
I've tried her beauty unadorned,
Simplicity and pearls;
I've set her off to get her off,
Till fallen off I've thought her;
Yet I've softly breathed to all the beaux—
This is my eldest daughter!
I've tried all styles of hair dressing—
Madonnas, frizzes, crops;
Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced,
Till circulation stops!
I've padded her until I have
Into a Venus wrought her—
But puffing her has no effect!
This is my eldest daughter.
Her gowns are a la Ackermann,
Her corsets a la Belle—
Yet when the season ends, each beau
Still leaves his T. T. L!
I patronise each dejeuner,
Each party on the water;
Yet still she hangs upon my arm—
This is my eldest daughter!
She did refuse a gentleman—
I own it was absurd;
She thought she ought to answer "No!"—
He took her at her word!
But she'd say "Yes," if any one
That's eligible sought her;
She really is a charming girl,
Tho' she's my eldest daughter!



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

Next to clothes being fine, they should be well made, and worn easily; for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat, if in wearing it he shows a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were a plain one.—*Chesterfield.*

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches of the lead pencil make it visible, and agree with what he fancied.—*Swift.*

Nothing sinks a young man in low company, both of women and men, so surely as timidity and diffidence of himself. If he thinks he shall not, he may depend he will not please. But with proper endeavors to please, and a degree of persuasion that he shall, it is almost certain that he will.—*Chesterfield.*

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.—*Shenstone.*

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating nor 'tis not the drinking that must be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.—*Selden.*

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas, by giving it, you keep them idle.—*Johnson.*

Seme reserve to debt is a prudence, as freedom and simplicity of conversation is a debt to good nature.—*Shenstone.*

Mankind may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humors from degenerating into the neighboring extreme; but being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.—*Addison.*

A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.—*Hume.*

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